

*Kate.* Patience I pray you, 'twas a fault unwilling.  
*Pet.* A horson beetle-headed flap-ear'd knave:  
 Come *Kate* sit downe, I know you haue a stomacke,  
 Will you giue thanks, sweete *Kate*, or else shall I?  
 What's this, Mutton?

*Ser. I.*

*Pet.* Who brought it?

*Pet. I.*

*Pet.* 'Tis burnt, and so is all the meate:  
 What dogges are these? Where is the rascall Cooke?  
 How durst you villaines bring it from the dresser  
 And serue it thus to me that loue it not?  
 There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:  
 You heedlesse iolt-heads, and vnmaner'd slaues.  
 What, do you grumble? He be with you straight.  
*Kate.* I pray you husband be not so disquiet,  
 The meate was well, if you were so contented.

*Pet.* I tell thee *Kate*, 'twas burnt and dried away,  
 And I expressly am forbid to touch it:  
 For it engenders cholles, planteth anger,  
 And better 'twere that both of vs did fast,  
 Since of our selues, our selues are chollickes,  
 Then feede it with such ouer-rosted flesh:  
 Be patient, to morrow't shall be mended,  
 And for this night we'll fast for compaignie.  
 Come I will bring thee to thy Bridall chamber. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Seruants feuerally.*

*Nath.* Peter didst euer see the like.

*Peter.* He kills her in her owne humor.

*Grumio.* Where is he?

*Enter Curtis a Seruant.*

*Cur.* In her chamber, making a sermon of continen-  
 cie to her, and railes, and swears, and rates, that shee  
 (poore soule) knowes not which way to stand, to looke,  
 to speake, and fits as one new risen from a dreame. A-  
 way, away, for he is coming hither.

*Enter Petruchio.*

*Pet.* Thus haue I politickely begun my reigne,  
 And 'tis my hope to end successfully:  
 My Faulcon now is sharpe, and passing emptie,  
 And til the fhoope, she must not be full gorg'd,  
 For then she neuer lookes vpon her lute.  
 Another way I haue to man my Haggard,  
 To make her come, and know her keepers call:  
 That is, to watch her, as we watch these Kites,  
 That baite, and beate, and will not be obedient:  
 She eate no meate to day, nor none shall eate.  
 Last night she slept not, nor to night she shall not:  
 As with the meate, some vnderferued fault  
 He finde about the making of the bed,  
 And heere Ile sling the pillow, there the bolster,  
 This way the Couerlet, another way the sheets:  
 I, and amid this hurle I intend,  
 That all is done in reuerend care: of her,  
 And in conclusion, she shall watch all night,  
 And if she chance to nod, Ile raile and brawle,  
 And with the clamor keepe her stil awake:  
 This is a way to kil a Wife with kindnesse,  
 And thus Ile curbe her mad and headstrong humor:  
 He that knowes better how to tame a shrew,  
 Now let him speake, 'tis charity to shew. *Exit*

*Enter Tranio and Hortensio.*

*Tra.* Is't possible friend *Lisio*, that mistress *Bianca*  
 Doth fancy any other but *Lucentio*,  
 I tel you sir, she beares me faire in hand.

*Luc.* Sir, to satisfie you in what I haue said,

Stand by, and marke the manner of his teaching.  
*Enter Bianca.*

*Hor.* Now Mistress, profit you in what you reade?

*Bian.* What Master reade you first, resolute me that?

*Hor.* I reade, that I professe the Art to loue.

*Bian.* And may you proue fir Master of your Art.

*Luc.* While you sweet decree pious Mistress of my heart.

*Hor.* Quicke proceeders marry, now tel me I pray,  
 you that durst sweare that your mistress *Bianca*  
 Lou'd me in the World so wel as *Lucentio*.

*Tra.* Oh despightful Loue, vnconstant womankind,  
 I tel thee *Lisio* this is wonderfull.

*Hor.* Mistake no more, I am not *Lisio*,  
 Nor a Musitian as I seeme to bee,  
 But one that scorne to liue in this disguise,  
 For such a one as leaues a Gentleman,  
 And makes a God of such a Cullion;  
 Know sir, that I am call'd *Hortensio*.

*Tra.* Signior *Hortensio*, I haue often heard  
 Of your entire affection to *Bianca*,  
 And since mine eyes are witness of her lightnesse,  
 I wil with you, if you be so contented,  
 Forswear *Bianca*, and her love for euer.

*Hor.* See how they kisse and court: Signior *Lucentio*,  
 Heere is my hand, and here I firmly vow  
 Neuer to woo her more, but do forswear her  
 As one vnworthie all the former fauours  
 That I haue fondly flatter'd them withall.

*Tra.* And heere I take the like vnfaired oath,  
 Neuer to marrie with her, though she would intreate,  
 Pie on her, see how beafully she doth court him!

*Hor.* Would all the world but he had quite forsworn  
 For me, that I may surely keepe mine oath.  
 I wil be married to a wealthy Widdow,  
 Ere three dayes passe, which hath as long lou'd me,  
 As I haue lou'd this proud disdainful Haggard,  
 And so farewell signior *Lucentio*,  
 Kindnesse in women, not their beauteous looks  
 Shall win my loue, and so I take my leaue,  
 In resolution, as I swore before.

*Tra.* Mistress *Bianca*, blesse you with such grace,  
 As longeth to a Louers blessed case:  
 Nay, I haue tane you napping gentle Loue,  
 And haue forsworne you with *Hortensio*.

*Bian.* *Tranio* you iest, but haue you both forsworne  
 mee?

*Tra.* Mistress we haue.

*Luc.* Then we are rid of *Lisio*.

*Tra.* I faith hee'l haue a lustie Widdow now,  
 That shall be woo'd, and wedded in a day.

*Bian.* God giue him ioy.

*Tra.* I, and hee'l tame her.

*Bianca.* He sayes so *Tranio*.

*Tra.* Faith he is gone vnto the taming schoole.

*Bian.* The taming schoole: what is there such a place?

*Tra.* I mistress, and *Petruchio* is the master,  
 That teacheth trickes, eleuen and twentie long,  
 To tame a shrew, and charme her chattering tongue.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Oh Master, master I haue watcht so long,  
 That I am dogge-wearie, but at last I spied  
 An ancient Angel comming downe the hill,  
 Wil serue the turne.

*Tra.* What is he *Biondello*?

*Bion.* Master, a Mercantant, or a pedant,

I know not what, but formall in apparrell,  
 In gate and countenance surely like a Father.

*Luc.* And what of him *Tranio*?

*Tra.* If he be credulous, and trust my tale,

He make him glad to see me *Vincenzio*,

And giue assurance to *Baptista Minola*.

As if he were the right *Vincenzio*.

*Pet.* Take me your loue, and then let me alone.

*Enter a Pedant.*

*Ped.* God saue you sir.

*Tra.* And you sir, you are welcome.

*Ped.* Sir at the farthest for a weeke or two,

But then vp farther, and as farre as Rome,

And so to Tripolie, if God lend me life.

*Tra.* What Countreyman I pray?

*Ped.* Of *Mantua*.

*Tra.* Of *Mantua* sir, marrie God forbid,

And come to Padua carelesse of your life.

*Ped.* My life sir? how I pray? for that goes hard.

*Tra.* 'Tis death for any one in *Mantua*.

To come to Padua, know you not the cause?

Your ships are staied at Venice, and the Duke

For priuate quarrel 'twixt your Duke and him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly:

'Tis meruaile, but that you are but newly come,

you might haue heard it else proclaim'd about.

*Ped.* Alas sir, it is worse for me then so,

For I haue bills for monie by exchange

From Florence, and must heere deliuer them.

*Tra.* Wel sir, to do you countesse,

This wil I do, and this I wil aduise you,

First tell me, haue you euer beene at Pisa?

*Ped.* I sir, in Pisa haue I often bin,

Pisa renowned for graue Citizens.

*Tra.* Among them know you one *Vincenzio*?

*Ped.* I know him not, but I haue heard of him:

A Merchant of incomparable wealth.

*Tra.* He is my father sir, and sooth to say,

In count'nance somewhat doth resemble you.

*Bion.* As much as an apple doth an oyster, & all one.

*Tra.* To saue your life in this extremitie,

This fauor wil I do you for his sake,

And thinke it not the worst of all your fortunes,

That you are like to Sir *Vincenzio*.

His name and credite shal you vndertake,

And in my house you shal be friendly lodg'd;

Looke that you take vpon you as you should,

you vnderstand me sir: so shal you stay

Til you haue done your businesse in the Citie:

If this be court'ie sir, accept of it.

*Ped.* Oh sir I do, and wil repute you euer

The patron of my life and libertie.

*Tra.* Then go with me, to make the matter good,

This by the way I let you vnderstand,

My father is heere look'd for euerie day,

To passe assurance of a dowre in marriage.

Twixt me, and one *Baptista* daughter heere:

In all these circumstances Ile instruct you,

Go with me to cloath you as becomes you. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Katherine and Grumio.*

*Grum.* No, no forsooth I

*Ka.* The more my wrong

What, did he marrie me to

Beggars that come vnto my

Vpon intreatie haue a prefer

If not, elsewhere they niere

But I, who neuer knew how

Nor neuer needed that I shou

Am staru'd for meate, giddie

With oathes kept waking, an

And that which spights me n

He does it vnder name of per

As who should say, if I shoul

'Twere deadly sicknesse, or el

I prethee go, and get me som

I care not what, so it be holse

*Grum.* What say you to a D

*Kate.* 'Tis passing good, I

*Grum.* I heare it is too chol

How say you to a fat Tripe fir

*Kate.* I like it well, good

*Grum.* I cannot tell, I feare

What say you to a peece of B

*Kate.* A dish that I do loue

*Grum.* I, but the Mustard is

*Kate.* Why then the Beef

*Grum.* Nay then I wil not,

Or else you get no beefe of G

*Kate.* Then both or one,

*Grum.* Why then the Must

*Kate.* Go get thee gone,

That feed'st me with the verie

Sorrow on thee, and all the p

That triumph thus vpon my n

Go get thee gone, I say.

*Enter Petruchio, and Ho*

*Petr.* How fares my Kate,

*Hor.* Mistress, what cheere

*Kate.* Faith as cold as can

*Pet.* Plucke vp thy spirits,

Heere Loue, thou seest how d

To dresse thy meate my selfe,

I am sure sweet Kate, this kind

What, not a word? Nay then,

And all my paines is sorted to

Heere take away this dish.

*Kate.* I pray you let it stan

*Pet.* The poorest seruice is

And so shall mine before you t

*Kate.* I thanke you sir.

*Hor.* Signior *Petruchio*, sic y

Come Mistress Kate, Ile beare y

*Petr.* Eate it vp all *Hortensio*

Much good do it vnto thy gen

*Kate* eate apace; and now my l

Will we returne vnto thy Farl

And reuell it as brauely as the

With silken coats and caps, an

With Ruffes and Cuffes, and F

With Scarfes, and Fannes, & c

With Amber Bracelets, Beade

What hast thou din'd? The Tai

To decke thy bodie with his r

*Enter Tailor*